

according to the temperament of the magistrate. How ridiculously cheap this is, says a writer in London Truth, will be seen from the following account of the cost of merely asking for a kiss, which has been sent to me from India:

"Probably you will hardly credit the story, but it is quite true, and, though the names are withheld by the Allahabad paper which gives the facts, the parties are well known. An officer of the Madras medical service was held in one of the most desirable civil surgeoncies in the province, and there he received a visit from a civilian and his wife. While driving with the lady in a dog-cart the doctor asked her for a kiss. It was very wrong, (especially as there was a native servant sitting behind the couple), and he met with the stern repulse which his impudence and imprudence invited. This exemplary woman afterward wrote to the doctor that she had told her husband of his conduct. The doctor then wrote an abject apology, which the husband submitted to the Madras government. Without being allowed to say a word on his own behalf, the doctor was forthwith officially advised to resign the service to avoid dismissal. Since then the Madras government has been induced to modify its decision. The offender is graciously permitted to serve the further nine months necessary to qualify him for the lowest scale of pension, but he has been transferred from his civil surgeoncy back to military service and packed off to a remote station in upper Burma."

EASILY SATISFIED.

The Sole Object of a Minnesota Couple at the World's Fair.

At the world's fair it was amusing to note the diversity of objects which visitors found the most interesting. One young woman, who was busy writing in her note-book in the agricultural building, hurriedly ran over to a table and pushed to the front with so much zeal that the bystanders supposed she had forgotten her purse or something else equally important; but having scanned the table eagerly, she merely said: "O, yes, sugar beets," and ran away again to a sheltered place to write it down.

Another instance was that of an old couple, weary-looking and bundle-laden, who asked a guard where the Minnesota building could be found. He indicated the direction.

"Is it far?" asked the man.

"Yes, about half a mile from here."

"O dear! Well, come, Mary, we'll put her through now we're here," said the old man, shouldering his heavy bundle.

But the woman was more garrulous. She detained the guard long enough to explain that they lived in Minnesota twelve years and then moved to Ohio. Now they were going back to Minnesota.

"We was goin' through Chicago, so we jest stopped off two hours to see the fair. We don't keer much for fairs anyway; all we want to see is the Minnesota buildin', and we are bound to see that, if it takes half a day!"

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

Mr. Masher Makes a Mistake in His Calculations.

She was a cute, pretty little thing, so small that her feet didn't touch the floor of the car. It worried her, too, for occasionally she tugged away at her skirt to hide the display of silken hose. At the Seven Corners, a large, self-satisfied man took a seat beside her, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

"On your way home, little girl?" he asked.

She started an instant, then smiled and replied, precociously:

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Been shopping?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, with an awkward little jump.

"What have you in your bundle?" asked the inquisitive man. "Something nice for lunch, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes, if you please, sir," she said. "I have some tea."

"And then you have tea for lunch?" said the wise reasoner.

"If we don't have coffee," she muttered, half to herself. The big man looked at her in surprise a moment, but she was demure and looked straight ahead.

"Isn't your ma afraid to let you go down-town alone?" he asked, after a pause.

"In daytime?" she said, in surprise. "Oh, no, sir. The fact is," she said, as the car stopped and she arose. "mother died three weeks after my marriage, and she doesn't care whether I go out at night or not. The chance, are that hubby would kick if I went alone."

And then, as she looked him square in the face, he noted with astonishment that her hair was just turning gray.

POPCORN STORIES.

The Unconscious Wit of Bright Young Americans.

Eddie's good mother was teaching him the catechism. "And what did Cain say when the Lord asked him: 'Where is thy brother Abel?'" Eddie scratched his head and studied hard for a little while, then looked up with a beaming countenance and said, in his slightly drawing tones: "Am I a runnin' my brother?"

Little Mary was very unwilling to wear her sunbonnet, although repeatedly told how dark she would be tanned by the sun unless she did.

Living in a small northern town she and her little brother had never seen a colored person until one came to live with their mother, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. The children looked at her attentively and critically for a few minutes, then Willie said: "Say, Jane, wouldn't you wear your bonnet when you was little? Is that what makes you so black?"

"Don't you want to study philosophy?" said the teacher of a primary school. There was a murmur of dissent.

"Don't you want to know why an apple falls to the ground?"

A little hand went up.

"Ah, Mary wants to know," said the gratified teacher. "I know already."

"Now Mary, stand up and tell the school what causes an apple to fall to the ground."

"Worm bit," was the quick but unexpected reply.

AN OUTLAW FORTRESS.

The Cliff from Which the Sizemore Band Shot Down Travelers.

On the left bank of the Holston river in Hawkins county, Tenn., is a cliff which has some local fame. It is of solid stone, perpendicular from the base up, and is something over a hundred feet high. From the top of it the country is visible for miles and miles, affording a grand view of the hill, mountain and stream. A few feet back from the edge are still plainly to be seen the earthworks forming the rendezvous of the celebrated Sizemore and his gang of desperadoes. From the top of the hill they commanded a full view of a much used public road, together with two fords above and below, and a great number of hapless soldiers as well as private citizens who had lucklessly incurred their anger fell victims to their unerring rifle bullets as they attempted to pass all unconscious of danger. Very near this cliff is a little cave at least a mile deep, on the sides of which are written the names of once prominent people who have long since passed away, the dates running back perhaps a hundred years. In one of the caverns is a perfect little table formed of a flat rock. During the war this cave was used by some soldiers as a place for making saltpeter, the hoppers being still in a state of preservation, the earth looking as if it had been dug but recently.

FLOCKING TO FRENCH CITIES.

French Farms Left Largely in the Hands of Children and Old Men.

The complaint of overcrowded cities and decaying rural population is heard in France, and one very probable explanation of the diminishing numbers and virility of the French peasantry is given by Jules Simon. He thinks, says the New York Post, the compulsory military service has a good deal to do with it. Peasants have to leave their farms for three years, and go unwillingly enough, it may be. But they find themselves better clothed and fed than they were in their lives, and though compelled to submit to strict discipline and hard work, enjoy a life far less fatiguing and dull than that they have been accustomed to. When their time is up, it is not strange that thousands of them refuse to go back to the plow. They drift into the towns to find work in factories, with absolute liberty after working hours, and to obtain that contact with their kind for futile gossip and that sense of playing a part in the affairs of the great world which make up so large a part of the attraction of cities for the poor. The result is, says M. Simon, that agriculture in France is largely in the hands of children and the aged and the few young and middle-aged men who have been too philosophical or too torpid to be lured away by the fascinations of city life.